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A new edition of Griswold's Sacred Poets contains the following poem by Sir John Davies, the contemporary of Shakespeare:

The Soul.

At first her mother earth her-hath dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly
things:

Silks close by the ground, and hovers here;
And mounts not up with her celestial wings;

Yet under heaven she cannot light on ought;

That with her heavenly nature doth agree;

She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought;

She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honor, wealth,

Or pleasure of the sense, contented find?

Who ever ceased to wish when he had wealth?

Or having wisdom was not vexed in mind?

Then as a bee, which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers with lustre fresh
and gay;

Sights on that and this, and taste all:

Bathed with none, doth rise and soar ne-

way:

So when the soul finds here no true content,

And like Noah's dove can't sure footing

take,

She doth return from whence she first was,

And flies to him, that first her wings did

make.

X. Y. Z.; Or, Trailing a Victim.

(From "Recollections of a Police Officer.")

The following advertisement appeared in several of the London Journals in the year 1832:

"IF OWEN LLOYD, a native of Wales, and who, it is believed, resided for many years in London as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, will forward his present address to X. Y. Z., Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, to be let me call for him, he will have his right to his advantages."

My attention had been attracted to this notice by its very frequent appearance in the journal which I was chiefly in the habit of reading, and, from professional habits of thinking, I had set it down in my mind as a trap for some offender against the principles of *meum et tuum* whose presence in a criminal court was very seriously desired.

I was confirmed in this conjecture by observing that, in despair of Owen Lloyd's voluntary disclosure of his retreat, a reward of £100 was offered by the author of the letter to Arthur Smith, who was ultimately offered to any person who would furnish X. Y. Z. with the missing man's address. "An old bird," I mentally exclaimed on reading this paragraph; "and not to be caught with that tail that is evident!" Still more to excite my curiosity, and at the same time bring the matter within the scope of my own particular functions, I found, on taking up the "Police Gazette," a reward of thirty guineas offered for the apprehension of Owen Lloyd, whose name was given as X. Y. Z. I said to myself, "The pursuit grows hot"; therefore I threw down the paper, and hastening to attend a summons that brought me from the superintendent; and if Owen Lloyd is still within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one."

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal communication with Mr. Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the city.

"In the city?"

"Yes; but your business with Mr. Smith is to get an exacting robbery in the West-end, and require a week or two ago.

The necessary warrant for the apprehension of the suspected parties have been, I understand, obtained, and on your return will, together with some necessary memoranda, be placed in your hands."

I at once proceeded to my destination, and on my arrival was immediately ushered into a dingy back room, where I was desired to wait till Mr. Smith, who was just then busily engaged, could speak to me.

"The room in which the clerk had placed me a chair, I passed a few moments in the "Police Gazette," in both of which the advertisements for the discoveries of Owen Lloyd were strongly underlined. "Oh, yes!" thought I. "Mr. Smith is the X. Y. Z. who is extremely anxious to renew his acquaintance with Mr. Owen Lloyd; and I am the honored individual selected to bring about the desired interview. Well, it is my new vocation—one which can scarcely be dispensed with, it seems, in this busy, whirling life of ours."

I bowed and he presently proceeded.

"Owen Lloyd, I should tell you, is married to a very amiable, superior sort of woman, and has one child, a daughter, named Caroline, an elegant, gentle-mannered, beautiful girl, I admit, to whom my wife was much attached, and she was consequently a frequent visitor in Broom street. This I always felt very impudent; and the reason was, that my son, Arthur Smith—only about two years older than I—had just turned sixteen, when his father was compelled to fly from his creditors—formed a silly, boyish attachment for her. They have since I gather from this letter, that Owen Lloyd is still within the four seas, his chance of escape seems but a poor one."

On waiting on the superintendent, I was directed to put myself in immediate personal communication with Mr. Smith, the head of an eminent wholesale house in the city.

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"You have, I suppose, read the advertisements marked on these papers?"

"Of course conclusions," rejoined Mr. Smith, with a quite perceptible sneer, "are usually very silly ones; in this instance especially so. My son, you ought to be aware, is Smith, X. Y. Z., whoever he may be. I expect in a few minutes. In just seventeen minutes," added the exact man of business, "for I, by letter, appointed him to meet me here at one o'clock precisely. My service in seeking an interview with him, it is true, should tell you, that the probability that he, like myself, is a son of Owen Lloyd, and may therefore object to defray a share of the cost likely to be incurred in unkilling the delinquent, and pronouncing him to conviction; or, which would be far better, he may be in possession of information that will enable us to obtain completely the clue I already almost grasp. But we must be cautious: X. Y. Z. may be a relative or friend of Lloyd's, and, in that case to possess my son shall answer no purpose but to afford him an opportunity of keeping them. Thus much premised, I had better at once proceed to over to you a few particulars I have noted down, over the suspensions I have been within these few days cast to water. You are doubtless acquainted with the full particulars of the robbery at my residence, Broom street, last Thursday evening."

"Yes especially the report of the officers,

that the crime must have been committed by persons familiar with the premises and the general habits of the family.

"Precisely. Now have you your memorandum-book ready?"

"Quite so."

"You had better write with ink," said Mr. Smith, pushing an inkwell and pen toward me. "I don't like paper-and-pencil correspondence, where there is a possibility of smudging it, written in pencil. Friction, thumbing, not of any kind, often partially obliterates them, creating endless confusion and mistakes. Are you ready?"

"Perfectly."

"Owen Lloyd, a native of Wales, and it was understood, descended from the premises and the general family."

"About five feet high; but I need not describe his person over again.

Many years with us, first as junior, then as a head clerk;—one which is conduct, as regards the firm, was exemplary. A man of judicious, polished, and of great education, who can be said to really possess a mind, at all who is always changing it for some other person's—incapable of saying "No" to embarrassing, impoverishing requests—no, in short, Mr. Waters, of the numerous class of individuals whom fools say are nobody's enemies but their own, as if that were possible!"

"I understand that, but I really do not see how this bears upon—"

"The transaction you are directed to make, I think, will be well presented to you.

Three years ago, Owen Lloyd having involved himself, in consequence of the serious defect of character I have indicated, in large liabilities for pretended friends, lost out employment, and, to avoid a jail, fled, no one could stand the look which Mr. Lloyd fixed upon me, and turned hastily away to gaze out of the window, as if attracted by the noise of a struggle between two draymen, which fortunately broke out at the moment in the narrow, choked-up street.

"For what purpose, sir, are you instituting this eager search after my brother? It cannot be that—No, no—he left you, you say, more than three years ago."

"The truth is, Mr. Lloyd," rejoined Mr. Smith, after a few moments' reflection, "there is greater danger that my son may disavowably connect himself with your—your brother's family—in, fact, marry his daughter Caroline. Now, I could easily convince Owen."

"Caroline!" interjected Mr. Lloyd with a tremulous accent, and his eyes were filled with tears. "Caroline—my, truly my daughter—would be named Caroline?" An instant after, he added, drawing himself up with an air of decided and somewhat impudent defiance, "Caroline Lloyd, sir, is a person who, birth, and I don't know, a great influence over the mind of his country-brother, Mr. Lloyd."

"Very likely," rejoined Mr. Smith dryly; "but you must excuse me for saying that, regarding my son, it is one which I will at any cost prevent."

"How am I to know?" observed Mr. Lloyd, whose glance of pride had quickly passed away, "that you are dealing fairly and honestly with me?"

In reply to this, Mr. Smith, Mr. Smith plied the letter addressed by Miss Lloyd at the same time in the hands of the questioner, at the principal inn of the place.—I forgot, at the name, but it was, I remember, without some of the celebrated Beaumaris Abbey ruins—I easily contrived, by a few careful inquiries, to elicit all the information I required of the laudacious wainwright.

I had heard enough, and, instantly rising, adjourned to a window to take in the view of the New Forest, about twelve o'clock.

After partaking of a slight repast, at the principal inn of the place—I forgot, at the name, but it was, I remember, without some of the celebrated Beaumaris Abbey ruins—I easily contrived, by a few careful inquiries, to elicit all the information I required of the laudacious wainwright.

"Thank you, Jones," replied Owen Lloyd, "you send me word to-morrow, if you may."

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